THIERS'S DOMESTIC LIFE.

Strange Story—A Curious Arrangement Even for Paris.

[Paris Correspondence N. Y. Tribune.]

Mme. Dosne, when introduced to Thiers, had already a daughter, Emilie, who, yesterday, was the sovereign of Paris. The introduction took place at the house of Lafitte, whom Thiers consulted when writing his history about the finances of the republic and consulate. The charming Parisienne discovered in the odd little man a genius of the highest order, and as varied as that of an Athenian in the time of Pericles. Her first notion was to use him as an instrument in restoring Napoleon's son, the duke de Reichstadt, for she was a zealous Bonapartist, as well from family associations as from admiration of Napoleon, who had died a short time previously at St. Helena. The banker's wife had a delightful house, to which she invited the odd-looking little genius. She determined to polish him and divest him of his external oddities, which she saw would be in his way. He took polish rapidly, and in taking it conceived a passion for his Egeria, which endured to the end of his life and hers. The revolution came round. It placed on the throne a woman of severe morals, who was very good and very charitable, but very narrow-minded. The tittle-tattle about M. Thiers and Mme. Dosne found an echo at the Tuileries, where, in the queen's circle, Guizot was in high favor for the support he gave the Jesuits when they sought leave to open schools for secondary instruction. According to the canon of polite society, it was nobody's business to see more clearly into M. Dosne's family affairs than he did himself. But such was not the view taken by Marie Emilie, who had had some trouble in breaking a liaison of her eldest son, the duke of Orleans, who was then three years married to the duchesse de Valencay, and was determined to enforce respect for the seventh commandment. At a court ball Madame Dosne advanced to salute the queen, and her majesty turned her back upon her; this affront set Paris ringing. A remonstrance was addressed to the king by M. Dosne. All the Bonapartists espoused the cause of the affronted lady, who naturally defended herself as well as she could. She accounted for her intimacy with Thiers by representing that she was keeping him close to her to be a husband for her daughter Emilie, and that she was determined upon making him a member of her family. His genius would ennoble them, and their money would enable him to devote his great faculties to the public service. The queen shutting her ears to the clamor made by the aggrieved lady, Thiers upset the ministry, and was asked to form a new cabinet, which he did on condition of Mme. Dosne's story being accepted by the queen and an apology made. Mlle. Emilie was taken from school and asked whether she would like to share the glory of M. Thiers, and be his devoted friend for life. She had been brought up to regard him as a divine man, earth-born, no doubt; said yes, was married to him—given, to speak in a figure, a latch-key, and set up with a confidential femme de chambre and a suit of rooms at the end of the house opposite to the one in which he resided. Mme. Dosne occupied the intermediate rooms with her daughter Felicite, and M. Dosne had a bed and sitting room of his own in a return building looking on the garden. The whole family met at repasts and the evening breeze never ruffled the harmony of the mutual relations of its members. Mme. Dosne led the conversation, and was an entertaining, gracious hostess to the end of her life. Mme. Thiers, who was very good-looking, and still preserves her comeliness, had not much to say for herself. She was an excellent housekeeper, and relieved her mother of administrative cares. At an early period of her singular matrimonial life, Count Roger du Nord, one of the most accomplished and the handsomest man in Paris, was admitted to be her respectful cavalier.

Thiers was the pride, the darling, the boy and the glory of the three ladies—that is to say of Mme. Dosne and her two daughters. His smallness and pretty, petulent ways endeared him to them. He had the archness of a cupid, and was, like the roguish god, fond of running hither and thither among the blooming roses, without letting any of them scratch him. The youngest of the daughters, who was remarkable for her purely chiseled features, and the elegant fall of her shoulders, and the swaying gracefulness of her figure, not to upset his domestic arrangements at the Palace St. Georges, refused every offer of marriage. The historian, and the lady who bore his name, did not address each other in the familiar "thee" and "thou," generally adopted, instead of the more formally polite "you" and "your," by the French husband and wife on excellent terms with each other. In conjugal life here, not to tutoyer is taken as evidence of cold feeling. Neither did Thiers and Mme. Thiers call each other by their christian names. It was M. Thiers here, and Mme. Thiers there, and the tone of familiar intercourse was that which might be carried on by a kind father and an adoring and devoted daughter. Melle. Felicite Dosne joined in the perpetual adoration, but was not so demonstrative as her sister, or so active in pouring spikenard ointment on the adored one's feet, because she was of a more contemplative disposition. On her deathbed, their mother, to whom they were passionately attached, exhorted them to cherish Thiers to the end as the glory of their lives and of their country. Mme. Thiers was his Martha, and her sister was his Mary. The former attended him when age began to creep upon him, as a nurse would a beloved child on whose existence many hopes depended. She was kind and affectionate to his friends, and she hated his enemies with a perseverance of which he was incapable. As a judge of character she was shrewder and more penetrating than he was, and if she had imposed her advice on Thiers he would have mistrusted Changarnier, Buffet, and MacMahon, whose designs she saw through long before the 24th of May.

A Graphic Death Sentence.

In the district court at San Buenaventura, F. A. Sprague was called up for sentence. After the court had overruled a motion for a new trial, Judge Fawcett said, after directing the prisoner to stand up: "F. A. Sprague, you have been convicted of the highest crime known to the law. You were skillfully defended at the trial. Every device was exhausted to save you, but a jury of your fellow-citizens has pronounced you guilty of the great crime with which you are charged. In the dead hours of night you, the leader of a band of masked assassins, applied the torch to the premises of your victim, and as he rushed, startled and half naked, into the light of the flames, you closed up on him and shot him near to death. He attempted flight; you pursued; he fell before you with a pleading voice that should have wrung pity from a heart of iron, but you remorselessly riddled him with bullets as you would a carcass of a dog. There is no language strong enough to depict the atrocity of such a deed. Your guilt is as clear as evidence can make it. You probably thought you would be upheld by the community in which you lived. Thank God, you were mistaken. There are but few monsters to applaud your act. The result of your trial proves that we are yet governed by law; that we are a community of enlightened human beings, and not a society of savages. The law has seized you, and the voices of twelve good men hold you in its inexorable grasp to pay the dreadful penalty of your crime. Let your fate be a warning that justice is sure to follow crime, sometimes traveling slowly with leaden heel, but striking with an iron hand. I will not affect for you a sympathy I do not feel. There is no point in your case for sympathy to grasp at so far as you are concerned. I deeply feel for your faithful wife and children. They are the ones who deserve pity and sympathy of kind hearts. It only remains to formally conclude this painful duty. The judgment of the court is that on Friday, the 27th day of September next, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 1 P. M., you are to be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God Almighty have mercy on your soul."

Sprague prosented a stolid indifference and perfect calmness while the sentence was being passed. His wife and daughters were present, and were calm and unmoved.—*San Francisco Post.*

A few loads of wood brought upon the premises will create a longing desire in the breast of the youngster who presides over that specific department of home culture to be punctual in his attendance at school when all other remedies fail.

It is noticeable that the nice young man who never carries tobacco because it makes his clothes smell, takes a chew every time any other man pulls out a tobacco box.

THE VIRGIN'S BONES.

A Great Curiosity at Cologne.

[Cologne Letter in Philadelphia Ledger.]

The virgin's bones are a greater curiosity of Cologne than the cathedral, and yet we rarely hear of them in America. Among thousands of legends of the Rhine is that of the pious St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins who, 1400 years ago, went up the river on a pilgrimage to Rome, and, returning, were all murdered by the Huns. Their bones were gathered together, and, in some way unexplained, were brought to Cologne and buried in a common tomb, over which, after many years, was erected the present church of St. Ursula, which is 850 years old. Subsequently the bones were exhumed beneath the church, brought up into it, and placed around it, forming one of the most extraordinary displays that the eyes of man ever witnessed. The church is not very large, and its heavy walls, low ceilings and ancient style of construction show its antiquity. All around this church are encased the sculls and bones, huge stone receptacles being filled with them, with apertures in the sides through which the bones can be seen, and the skulls being put on rows of little shelves divided off like pigeon holes. All the skulls have the part below the forehead covered with needle work and embroidery, and some of them are inlaid with pearls and precious stones. The collection is certainly a remarkable one, there being, besides the collection of bones, 1800 of these skulls arranged in cases around the church; whilst in an apartment known as the treasury, which is about thirty feet square, there are seven hundred and thirty-two more skulls on the walls, and the entire upper portion is covered with bones, which are arranged everywhere, excepting where the windows let in light. Here, under special glass cases, are the skulls of St. Ursula herself, her lover and several of the principal virgins, together with the bones of her right and left arm and one foot. There are also other relics, including one of the alabaster vases wherein the Savior turned the water into wine. This vase would hold about four gallons, but part of the mouth and one handle are gone, and it is so cracked and dilapidated that it will probably hold very little now.

Grains of Gold.

A hasty man never wants woe.

Words are but the froth of thoughts.

A man must become wise at his own expense.

A fine coat may cover a fool, but never conceal one.

Neither despise nor oppose what you do not understand.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes her.

If thou art too lazy to think, thou wilt be too poor to know.

He who laughs at cruelty sets his heel on the neck of religion.

All human virtues increase and strengthen by the experience of them.

He who knows his ignorance is the possessor of the rarest of knowledge.

The Chinese say there is a well of wisdom at the root of every gray hair.

Do good to all, that thou mayest keep thy friends and gain thine enemies.

Relations always take the greatest liberties, and render the least assistance.

Our hope for self is strongest and least selfish when it is blended with hope for the world.

The world is full of sublime truths, and yet most people spend their time for vapid curiosities.

It is well enough for us to see beautiful illusions in our dreams, but we should walk awake with truth.

Fun is worth more than physic, and he that invents or discovers a new supply is a public benefactor.

Origin of the Crescent.

According to an old tradition, the crescent of the Turkish empire, was adopted by the Turks after the conquest of Constantinople, in 1453, and derived from a Byzantine symbol, which may be traced back to the time of Philip of Macedonia. Thus the history of Tristan de Saint Amant, in 1644, is corroborated by the fact that the crescent occurs frequently on Byzantine coins. Nevertheless, the attitude which the Turks generally assumed toward everything Greek—a mixture of utter indifference and contemptuous hatred, made it very unlike that they ever should have adopted a Byzantine symbol for their emblem, and when in the first half of this century, Turkish language, literature and history began to be studied carefully for ethnological purposes, it was found out that the crescent had been in use among the Turks more than one century before their conquest at Constantinople. It was then generally supposed that the Turkish emblem had its origin from Islamism, and had been adopted by the Turks when they embraced Mohammedanism—though the original banner used by Mohammed—the curtain covering the entrance to Aiseba's door—shows no crescent, and though it seemed a little singular that Mohammed should have selected one of the celestial bodies for his emblem, since he arose in opposition to the Sabeans, who were zealous worshipers of the celestial signs. The obscurity which surrounded this curious subject has now been dispelled by a Danish savant, Dr. Schjery, who, in an essay in the Annals of the Royal Society of Copenhagen, communicates a narrative by a Chinese historian, a cotemporary of Genghis Kahn, of the conquest of Peking by this monster, in which the Turkish banner is described as a bundle of seven white horse tails surmounted by a silver crescent, and thus he shows that the crescent is an original Turkish symbol. Also, other peculiarities of Turkish life, as, for instance, the dance of the Dervishes, he proves to be, not general elements of Islamism, or derivation from Greek civilization, but fragments of the old religious system of the Tartars, and practiced by the Turks long before they became Mohammedans and while they still were living together with the Finns, Yamoots, etc., on the other side of the Altai Mountain.

When a woman has a new pair of shoes sent home she performs altogether different from a man. She never shoves her toes into them, and yanks and hauls until she is red in the face and all out of breath, and then goes stamping around, but pulls them on part way carefully, twitches them off again to take a last look, and see if she has got the right one, pulls them on again, looks at them dreamily, says they are just right, then takes another look, stops suddenly to smooth out a wrinkle, twists around and surveys them side-ways, and exclaims, "Mercy! how loose they are," looks at them again square in front, works her foot around so they won't hurt, takes them off, looks at the heel, the toe, the bottom and the inside, puts them on again, walks up and down the room once or twice, remarks to her better-half that she won't have them at any price, tilts down the mirror so that she can see how they look, turns in every possible direction, and nearly dislocates her neck trying to see how they look that way, backs off, steps up again, takes thirty or forty farewell looks, says they make her feet look awful big, and never will do in the world, puts them off and on three or four times more, asks her husband what he thinks about it, and then pays no attention to what he says, and finally says she will take them. It's a very simple matter, indeed.

Patent for a Chalk-Mark.

The Washington correspondent of the Hartford *Times* writes: "Several days ago an application, reached the patent office from J. J. Strong and Kate M. Strong, of Talledge, Ala., for a patent for an ant guard. The petition, which was a very funny one, set forth that the Strongs, who are man and wife, had jointly put their minds together and had invented the most wonderful thing ever heard of, to-wit, an 'ant guard,' which they went on to describe at great length. They claimed it was patentable, as it was new and useful, two things that are necessary to secure a patent. The guard consisted of drawing a chalk-mark around a table or other place, by which it was claimed the approach of ants was stopped. Mr. Strong says, and Mrs. Strong swears it is true, that an ant cannot walk over a chalk-line, and all that is necessary to keep ants away from anything is to draw a chalk-line around it. It appears that chalk makes an ant's legs slip up, as soaping a track prevents a railroad engine from starting. The petition was novel and caused considerable fun.

If the signs don't fail, the coming winter will be the coldest experienced in this latitude since the country was discovered by a man named Mr. Columbus. The squirrels are laying in their winter coal, the beavers are putting heaters in the basement of their lodges, the bees have killed off all the drones and lined their hives with sheet-iron, the muskrats are flying south, wild ducks are committing suicide, the goose-bone is black sixteen inches deep, western editors are soliciting wood on subscriptions, poor families are buying an extra dog, and we have had a new collar put on our overcoat.—*Norristown Herald.*

GEOLOGICAL CHANGES.

Facts Which Tend to Show the Immense Age of the Earth.

Prof. Ramsay, describing some of the remarkable faults in North Wales, states that near Snowdon there is a fault where the displacement of the strata amounts to 5000 feet, and in the Berwyn hills one of 5000 feet; in the Aran range occurs the Bala fault, with a downthrow of 7000 feet. Between Aran Mowddwy and Careg Aderyn the displacement is between 10,000 and 11,000 feet. "Here we have evidence," says Mr. Croll, "that a mass of rock, varying from one mile to two miles in vertical thickness, must have been denuded in many places from the surface of the county in north Wales." Along the flank of the Grampians a great fault runs from the North Sea at Stonehaven to the estuary of the Clyde, throwing the old red sandstone on end sometimes for a distance of two miles from the line of dislocation. Prof. Geikie concludes that the amount of displacement must be in some places not less than 5000 feet. But perhaps the most remarkable instance known is that of the great fault which crosses Scotland from near Dunbar to the Ayrshire coast. On the south side of this fault we find the ancient silurian rocks, north of it the less ancient rocks, the old red sandstone and carboniferous of north Scotland. The amount of dislocation is in some places fully 15,000 feet, or nearly three miles. Now, it is to be observed that the dislocation is older than the carboniferous era. For originally the silurian rocks south of the fault must have been covered by the prolongation of the old red sandstone, afterward completely removed by denudation. If the carboniferous strata had then existed, they, lying uppermost, would, of course, have been washed away first. But we find them on the south side of the fault, lying immediately on the old silurian floor, the old red sandstone which originally covered that floor having been entirely removed. Thus the "enormous thickness of nearly three miles of old red sandstone must have been denuded away during the period which intervened between" its deposition and the subsequent accumulation of the carboniferous limestone and the coal measures now lying directly on the silurian rocks! One other case to indicate the enormous periods required for the formation of some of the features of Scottish scenery. Professor Geikie has shown that "the Pentlands must at one time have been covered with upward of a mile in thickness of carboniferous rocks, which have all been removed by denudation." "Now," says Mr. Croll, "the Pentlands themselves, it can be proved, existed as hills in much their present form, before the carboniferous rocks were laid down over them; and as they are of lower old red sandstone age, and have been formed by denudation, they must consequently have been carved out of the old red sandstone and the beginning of the carboniferous age." And, in order fully to appreciate the vastness of the periods required for these and kindred changes, it is necessary to recognize the extreme slowness with which such changes proceed.

To Tighten Wagon Tires.

I have found the following way to tighten wagon tires to be successful: Apply leather rings between the shoulders on the outer ends of the spokes and the corresponding portions of the fellies, which may be done as follows: Procure a number of small pieces of leather, from an inch and a half to two inches in diameter; with a sharp knife and compasses, or with a cutting punch, make round holes in the centres of these pieces, and make a straight cut from the holes to the outer edge of the pieces so as to form open rings. The holes must be made of a size that will nicely fit the tenons on the outer ends of the spokes. Place a fulcrum on the top of a hub, on which place your lever, with its short end under the felly near a spoke; have an assistant bear down on the outer end sufficiently to raise the felly, and expose the shoulder and tenon of the spoke; open your leather ring and fit it nicely around the tenon, holding it to its place while your assistant relaxes the lever, and settles the felly firmly upon the leather by a blow or two on the tire. Having repeated the process with a sufficient number of spokes to make the tire all right, trim off the projecting leather even with the surface of the spokes, and your task will be done. If your pieces of leather should be spongy, hammer them down some before using. —*E. E., in Western Rural.*